Billyboy and the Pixies.

BY RALPH WILBUR.

Having explained in another story how Smoky Crossroads lies between Maybetown and Winkville, and how Billyboy, his dachshund. Donnerwetter and the rest of the folks used to meet on the porch of the general store and post office, kept by Squire Bear, and talk over matters or listen to Brer Rabbit's verses, it is not surprising that one evening, when they were all there, Billyboy, who was somewhat given to ask-

questions, suddenly asked: 'Are there such things as Pixles, squire?' Squire Bear winked and blinked, scratched his head, turned to Brer Rabbit and asked in turn, "How about that?" That reminds me of some verses of

mine," replied the rabbit, and Brer Terra-

"A curious crowd at the Pixies:
They keep things at sevens and sixes.
The knots in your hair.
Put tacks on your chair
And get you in all kinds of fixes.

Eat nuts without breaking a shell They turn the milk thick, Drive fish from the creek,

"Put the eyes out of needles and-well,

And it ain't wise to go where they dwell.

Once they boxed all the ears of my corn. Put dough in my wife's dinner horn, Turned my coffee to ink— And, what do you think? Patched clothes that had never been worn!

"They patched my pants red, white and blue In a place that was plain to the view, Though the pants were leaf green, Which is hard to be seen When you're gathering things for a stew."

At this the others interrupted with a hearty laugh, and Squire Bear said:

"Just so! just so! They surely are a tricky it. Why, one time they made all my

yardsticks left-handed, all my needles

cross-eyed and turned my honey into muci-

lage, so I had to sleep with my mouth open, fearing if I closed it it would stay closed."

"Well," said Billyboy, "there must be lots of fun in them, at any rate. Won't some of you take me to see them?" Squire Bear took his pipe out of his

mouth, blew a long ribbon of smoke and

"Well, I dunno-still, if the oogle man says it's all right, and the other folks will

which they all laughed softly, and Brer

who the oogle man is, or our little friend will die of curiosity." So the rabbit ex-

To folks who wear fur or have wings; What herbs are good and what bad; Where the best kind of food's to be had;

When it's time to go south or north; When it's time to stay home or go forth; But he don't like to waste any words On folks who trap beasts or shoot birds."

"But I don't do either!" exclaimed Billy-

Just so! Just so!" assented the squire

You know the shortest way, don't

"And as I was going to say, if the folks will make up a party and the oogle man says it's all right, we might pay them a

'Brer Cottontall, you'll have to explain

"The who?" exclaimed Billyboy.

"He tells of the weather and things

answered slowly:

plained as follows:

boy as he finished.

You, Brer Ringtail?"

Fox said:

And Brer Rabbit recited:

'Now we're in for it. Fire away, Long

down the mossy slide to the glen." So it was agreed they should all meet at the store Saturday evening and start on the trip-that is, all except Brer Terrapin, who said:

"As for me, brothers, skipping through the country with a whole lot of giddy folks on a frolic makes me dizzy; so, as I've got a big job of thinking on hand to do, I'll start ahead and meet you at the top of

Mossy Slide." At this the others nudged each other and winked, but did not care to hurt his feelings by talking about his slow movements. Well, about the time on Saturday evening when the grasshoppers and locusts pass the word to the crickets and katydids to pipe up and carry the time along, and old man builfrog clears his throat to see if he's caught more cold, they met and started on their trip, Billyboy, Donnerwetter, Squire

Bear and Brothers Fox, Rabbit and Coon

On the way Billyboy could not help ask-

over the green and black rocks, gleaming

purple in the shadows and like spun silver where the moonbeams touched it here and

there after filtering through the lace work

of leaves. The gray and green mosses on

the rocks, the light brown sands of the brook bordered by a carpet of soft green

moss, the gleaming white gowns of the birch trees and large spreading leaves of the ferns spoke so plainly of the presence

of those best of all artists, the Pixies, that

they rested in silence for a while as they locked and listened to the tinkle, tinkle,

tinkle of the dropping waters, mingled with

he soft, sweet whistle of a wood thrush

They were startled by the voice of Brer

Laughing and peering around, they found him leaning back against a flat rock be-

"Have you seen the oogle man?" the

"Just so, quite so," was the answer.

"Did he give you the witch hazel nuts?"
"Quite so, quite so," was the answer.

"Then pass them around," said the

And after they had each eaten one, the

ext thing Billyboy knew they were all go-

ing down the slide, and as they slid standing up, and as it was a long and slippery

slide, he found it very exciting, especially as when they reached the bottom each had

to make a leap frog jump over Squire Bear, who, starting first, had stopped short,

ducked his head and put his hands on his knees; that is, all except Brer Terrapin,

who gravely walked between his legs, say-

of limber-limb-oil made out of willow sap

and birch gum, so they'd have to excuse

There was no time to answer, however,

B

tween two boulders.

quire asked.

isit. You know the shortest way, don't for just then, from every crack and cran-ny, hole and hollow, hill and hummock, Brer Coon answered, "Sure, squire; the came a shower of cockle burns, thistledown

best way is up Moonshine Hill and then and milkweed floss, so that, except for the

JOHNNY'S SLATE-

You know what a queer boy Johnny Jones is and the strange way he has of studying geogra Coather begin to think that he was a real humorist, as well as an artist, when one day she saked the to write on his slate the name of a state touching on Lake Michigan, together with the name

two largest cities in that state. Look at the slate and see what Johnny wrote, and also see how the chickens are to steel from the young man. Can you make out the names of the state

that must have been dreaming pleasant

making up the party.

answer he had to be content.

lack of cold, it was like a storm of snow and sleet, while through it all the piping Pixie voices sang: "A welcome to the strangers,
Cockle burrs.
We're very glad to see them,
Milkweed floss.
We hope their prying eyes
Will enjoy this nice surprise;
Thistledown, milkweed floss, cockle burrs, burrs,
burrs."

When the shower had gradually stopped, and they had about blown the fluff out of their mouths and noses, and scratched the cockle burrs out of their eyebrows and coats, they heard Brer Terrapin remark with a chuckle as he poked his head out of his shell: "I've been thinking, folks, that there are times when a tortoise shell overcoat with a trap for the face is better than a fur one," and he chuckled again as he pulled his trap door shut, for just then the Pixies were scrambling down and out from everywhere, each claiming a "horse for the circus," and soon they all found themselves running around in a circle with two or more Pixies astride of each.

The little fellows held on by the hair with one hand, while they urged their mounts on with cat-tail rushes which they held in the other. Billyboy had one on each shoulder and Donnerwetter had one facing forward holding on by the ears, and another has been applying the categories. backward holding on by the tail. Brer Terrapin alone escaped, which he explained by saying:
"You see, I'd like to have joined in the

fun, but as some one had to be judge of the races, and that takes a thoughtful man, why, I thought I'd just look on." And of course they were too kind to even suggest that perhaps he wasn't much on fast run-

Pretty soon they all grew tired of the sport and sat down to rest, while the Pixie King asked the Squire what the occasion of the visit was.
"Well, you see it's this way," he replied

as well as his short breath would let him "Of course we folks at the crossroads know you quite well (at which some of them snickered), but as we've adopted Billyboy and Donnerwetter and they wanted to make your acquaintance, we thought we'd all come along."

"Very kind of you, and I'm sure you're welcome," said the king, "but what do you call that thing with the long body, long ears, long name and short legs?" "Oh, that!" answered the bear. "That's the latest style of dog from Germany, and his name is German for Thunderweather,

though he's really very quiet."
"Do they come any longer?" the king gravely asked of Billyboy, and Donnerwetter, who was a very modest dog, felt that ing the squire if they were sure to see the Pixies, and he answered:
"Um-hum-um, those Pixies never send out 'at-home' cards, but you can be sure of one thing, and that is, if we don't see 'em we'll surely feel 'em." And with this answer he had to be content. the bright eyes of the Pixle band as they turned on him were like a lot of fireflies that almost burnt him.
"I don't know," answered the boy; "they

said they got the longest they could, but I've heard they grow longer.' When they reached the Mossy Slide and looked down into the glen in the bright moonlight it was a beautiful sight. The tiny cascade splashed down between and over the green and black rocks, gleaming some grabbed him by the ears and others by the tail, and a tug of war commenced

dog and Billyboy, who exclaimed: "Oh, please don't hurt him!"
"Don't worry," said the king between his shouts of laughter. "Perhaps they'll lengthen him a little. And ust then the queen appeared and they stopped. To tell all that happened from that time until they started on their return would fill a book. Under the direction of the queen they played all sorts of woodland games and pranks, but not as roughly as they had before, and all agreed that the

supper of fruits and nuts was delicious.

When at last they started the band sang to a tune which sounded like: Terrapin saying, "Well, folks, you all seem to have found something to think about at last. Why, if I had my gun and was gunning for gaping galoots I'd have a bag full by this time!" "Home again from a foreign shore, Come again, come again to the Pixies' home, And we in turn will visit you whene'er abroad we

Fear us not, we are not bad; we only like some And ne'er hurt those who don't get mad; so do not from us run''

When they had finished their good-byes and had started down Moonshine Hill, Brer Terrapin said: You chattering folks can just run along

home. I'm going to take it easy, and think about getting up a dog to be sold by the yard. When I do, I'm going to send Billyboy one two yards long, and if necessary put an extra pair of legs in the middle.

At the Big House. (Copyright, 1904, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.) The Hare Disappears Forever.

"Umph!" said Eliza, when she had heard how the Deer came to have such short upie'd forgotten to bring along his bottle per teeth. "Umph! I know Deer felt bad widout dem toofs; I know he did, 'kase I done los' my own, an' dish yer thing uv gommin' hit ain' w'at hits cracked up ter be, 'deed hit ain'. Hit don' s'prise me dat Deer wuz mad wid ol' Hyar'. I reckon dey kep' mightly cle'r uv one nu'rr atter dat

spe'yunce.' "'Deed dey ain', den," said Aunt 'Phrony. "Co'se Hyar' he try ter keep outen de way fer a li'l w'ile, but Deer he let on ter be fren'ly an' familious, waitin' fer de chanct ter git even wid him, an' dat th'ow Hyar' offen his gyard, an' he git so, pres'n'y, dat he ac' jes' z' dough nuttin' done happen

water an' go ter cry'in an' hollerin' so dey kain't do nuttin' wid him. Hyar' he come dat way an' he say, he do, 'Hi! w'at on yearf is de marter wid dat chil'? He how!

'You lemme 'lone fer dat,' sezee. 'I does hit wid water, but ef I wuz ter tell you jes' how, de chawm done be bruk. You mus' putt me in de house an' den shet de do' an' fill up all de chinks an' den go 'way a li'l piece, fer I mus' be so't eye kain't see near your liesen at ma'

year lissen at me.'

clay, an whe dey z doin' dat Hyar' he sa'nter roun' kind er kyarless an' foun' a li'l hole whar he cu'd get out ef enything wuz ter happen, 'kase he seed de baby wuz nigh mos' daid an' he'z 'feard dey mought blame him fer hit. 'My, my!' he ses ter hisse'f, 'I didn' s'pose de chil' wuz dat bad off er I oon 'a tol' 'em I wuz a doctah. I wish I wuz safe outer dis, but I gotter go thu wid hit now. My! my! Dis shows me I better stick ter de trufe atter dis.'

'Well, de folks got de dobbin' done an' den day walked 'way f'um de house a plece ter see w'at gwine happen. Hyar' he tuck an' tuck de baby an' soused hit in de water an' de chil' gin one onyearfly yell an' den wuz still, an' Hyar' he see dat 'twuz plumb daid, an' he say ter hisse'f, sezee, 'Come on, Doctah Hyar', le's we-all git outen dis in a hurry ef we know w'at good fer us,' an' he ga'rr hisse'f toge'rr ter spring out er de hole,

"Now, de mammy er de chil' she done

ear er hya'r on his mis'able hidel You spear er hya'r en his mis'able hide! You 'rear me now!'

"So de folks come a-runnin' an' bus' in de do' an' foun' de chil' layin' dar daid. Hyar' he rum outen de hole, an' de coman she set de dogs on 'im an' day chased him inter a hole in de tree an' stood dar keepin' gyard ontwel de coman come up. De people rushed up, yellin' an' callin', an' de dogs wus darnsin' roun' yappin' an' yowiin', an' de coman wus cryin' an' kyar'yin' on an' bellerin', 'Oh, lemme git at him: jes' lemme putt my han's on him onet an' he'll wish he'd died 'fo' he wus bawned!' Ol' Hyar' think his time done come fer sho'.

"De coman tucken a stick an' twis' hit roun' in de tree' an' she say, ses she, 'Um-umph! got you now, mis'able ll'! thief an' body snatcher! Atter you wid a sharp stick, sho' 'nuff. Gwine git you dis time!' Las' she twis' him outen de tree an' he fall right inter her lap. She snatched him by de scruffer de neck an' 'gun ter lamm him fus' on one jaw an' den on tu'rr, talkin' at him all de time, 'Kill my haby, will you! Meddle wid de doctah's trade, will you! Play de torm-fool wid us all, will you! Teck dat, now! an' dat! an' dat!"

Play de torm-fool wid us all, will you! Teck dat, now! an' dat! an' dat!"

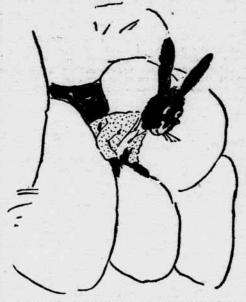
"De ooman she done skunt one'r his laigs wid de stick, an' hit 'mence ter smart him right much, so he say, mighty meek an' numble, 'Please, ma'am, fer ter let me down a minnit w'ile I fix my laig; hit done smart me lak a hull nes'ful er wast-es. Kill me if you gotter, but, fer de lan' sake, lemme fix dis laig fus'!

"De ooman wux fool 'nuff ter let him down, an' I boun' ter let you know dat he did'n' let de grass grow unner his footses; not him. He wuz off an' hid 'way down in de woods in a kyave quicker'n I kin tell hit.

"De ooman cu'dden tell how in de name er goodness she gwine git even wid him,

"De ooman cu'dden tell how in de name er goodness she gwine git even wid him, so she call all de folks toge'rr an' ax 'em fer ter he'p tell her how ter do hit. W'lles dey wuz talkin' 'long come de Deer, an' year w'at dey say, an' he sez, sezee, 'Sho' dat's easy ez rollin' offen a log. Leave dat ter me; I'se de man whar kin fix up dis job. W'y, I kin sen' dat feller clean over de ocean so fur he nuver kin git over de ocean, so fur he nuver kin git back ag'in, ef you sesso.'

"De folks hilt a li'l confab an' mek up der min's dey bes' let Deer git redd er de Hyar'. "Deed dat I will, sezee, an' he went sa'nterin' long, jes' ez gaily ez you please down inter de woods. Hyar' yearn him comin' an' peeped outer de kyave ter see who 'twuz. W'en he see 'twuz Deer he mek up his min' ter come out an' pass he mek up his min' ter come out an' pass de time er day wid him, 'kase he thought



Deer wuz his fren' an' wuz fool 'nuff ter s'pose Deer done fergot all 'bout havin' his toofs groun' down. So he come pran-

nis tools groun down. So he come prancin' out, jes 'ez peart ez a lizzaud.
"Deer he say, 'Howdy, ol' man; whar you bin keepin' yo'se'f all dis time? Mus'n' hide yo'se'f way f'um yo' fren's; dey jes' natchelly git 'long widout you. I come ter ax you ef you oon lak ter go 'long er me an' teck a li'l walk dieh yor flong er me an' teck a li'l walk dish yer fine day. Do you good; you look kinder pindlin'.'

"Hyar' kind er tired er stayin' in de kyave all 'lone, so he say, 'Dat I will! I'se mo' tickelt dan a b'ar wid a bee-gum ter see you onct mo'. Pow'ful lonesome, suh, roun' dese diggin's, pow'ful lonesome; dis de fus' time I uver 'spicloned dat I wuzn't good comp'ny.'
"Dey went romantin' thu de woods an'

pres'n'y dey come to a branch, an' Deer he say ter ol' Hyar', 'Well, now, my soople-jack fren', does you think you kin jump dish yer?' 'Dat I kin,' sez Hyar', 'a li'l ol' narret stream lak dis; dis nuttin' 't all. Kin you?'
"'Oh, I reckon I mought mek out ter

spraddle 'cross somehows,' sez Deer, 'le's we-all step back a piece an' gin a run an' branch bes'. "All right,' sez Hyar, sezee, an' wid dat

dey run to'des de branch. Hyar' he gin a monst'ous jump dat lan' him clean on tu'rr side, but Deer ain' jump 't ail, jes' stan' at de aidge er de branch laughin'. Hyar' he baig him f'um tu'rr side not ter be feared, but ter ga'rr his laigs toge'rr an' jump lak he have some sense an' not stan' dar grinnin' lak a plumb iji't.
"De mo' he baig de mo' Deer stan' still,

an' pres'n'y de branch 'mence ter git wider an' wider, 'twel hit look 'zackly lak de ocean, an' dat's w'at 'twuz, sho' 'nuff, fer Deer was a mighty big cunjerer in dem days, an' he done made de ocean look nar-rer ez a branch, so's't he cu'd fool ol' Hyar'. Wen he got him across he tucken de spell offen Hyar's eyes an' let him see dat he done cross over de ocean an' kain't git back ag'in, an' dar whar he bin uver sence, dat ol'-time mischief-mekin' Gre't Hyar'. Dish yer w'at we have now is jes' a li'l no-kyount, harmless kin' er his'n, an' all dat's lef' er de ol' doln's is jes' dese yer tales w'at I bin tellin' you. But dish yer's de las' uv him, 'kase I done sont him clean cross de big water, so I kain't tell you no 'cross de big water, so I kain't tell you no mo' uv his doins, even ef you wuz ter be yer ter year me tell 'em, w'ieh dat you won' be; you gwine be fur 'nuff 'way f'um we-all an' all yo' kinry," and here the old woman threw her arms about the children and led the very sincere chorus of regret from these humble friends who had added so much to the pleasure of the visit and whom they were not to see again. For the whom they were not to see again. For the old plantation was sold not many years after, and their mother never went When the children were grown they wandered once more to the spot which had been the home of their ancestors for more than a hundred years, but all was changed, all the faces unfamiliar, and Aunt 'Phrony and Aunt Nancy lay peacefully beneath the spreading trees of the old negro burial lot back of the garden, where so many faithful black heads had been laid in the days that were gone—those unreturning days when between the white man and the black confidence and esteem and faith and trust and affection. As they turned away from the spot they sighed regretfully for these things, gone as utterly and surely as Molly Hare herself had vanished from the fire-

How to Plant a Tree. From the Garden Magazine.

First cut off smoothly the broken root ends which are over half an inch in diameter. Next trim the top if it cannot be easily reached from the ground after planting. With an oak or other hardwood tree cut back severely, reducing the number of buds 60 per cent to 80 per cent. If the leader is cut off a tree later forms two leaders, which are apt to split the trunk and ruin the tree.

After the hole has been prepared it should be partially refilled so that the trees are at their natural level. Spread the roots out straight. Work fine, mellow soil under the center of the tree. In the case of fine roots

center of the tree. In the case of fine roots it may be necessary to do this with the fingers. With coarse, fibrous roots the earth can be packed in with a pointed stick.

Next see that the tree stands vertically. The simplest way is to stand off, then hold up the shovel so that it forms a plumb bob and take a sight. Then stand around and look at the tree from a direction at right angles to the first line of sight, seeing that the trunk stands erect on both lines. Packing the earth firmly around the center will hold it in position in most instances.

Watering fall-planted trees is rarely necessary, as the ground will generally have sufficient moisture.

Why the Ocean Doesn't Freeze.

freeze somewhat more readily than it does now, but there would be no very marked

"Now, de mammy er de chil' she done stay behime ter lissen' an' w'en she year de baby yell she call ter de res', 'Come yer, quick, all er you! hurry up fas' 'z you kin! Dat awdacious hypermocrit done kill my chil', I know he have! Bus' in de do', you-depth it is a vast storehouse of heat. Its all, an' nab him 'fo' he kin git off. Ef he

How to Make a Sailboat.

gimlet or brace and bits, a poci and a chisel or gouge. The material is a block of soft pine, three or four pine sticks, with straight grain, some fine linen cord and a piece of strong muslin.

The first thing is to cut the entire hull out of your pine block. since it is no harder to make a good-sized boat than a small one, suppose you plan the hull two feet long. That, then, must be the length of the block. The width and thickness of the block should be about one-fourth its length, say six inches.

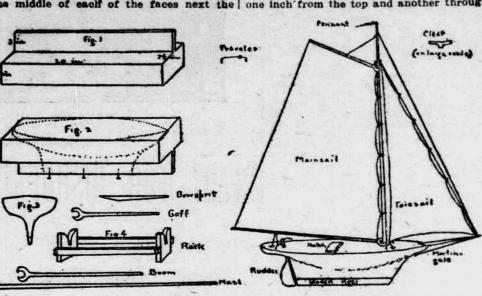
Down the middle of one face draw a line, and on each side of that, half an inch distant, draw another line. These two lines, one inch apart, will mark the bottom of the keel. Continue these lines halfway across the ends of the block; draw lines through cutter. Drill a small hole through the mast the middle of each of the faces next the

than the mast, and both cut with a fork at the heavy end to fit against the mast. The bowsprit is nine inches long and is to be nailed or screwed firmly to the bow with seven and one-quarter inches projecting. Placing a quarter-inch bit against the stern end of the keel, bore a hole upward through the hull for the rudder shaft. The rudder may be whittled out of a bit of half-inch board. Two pairs of small wire starudder may be whittled out of a bit of hairinch board. Two pairs of small wire staples hinge it to the keel. Through the upper end of the handle, called the trigger, a
small piece of wire four inches long with
three-quarters of an inch belt at right angles at both ends makes a wide staple for
a runner or traveler. This is driven securely into the deck behind the rudder. Another traveler is put in just in front of the
mast. mast.

Six small blocks or cleats are needed for the ropes, or the sheets, as sailors call them. Nail two on the deck in front of the mast, one each side of the mast, one each side of the tiller, one in front of the trav-eler. The craft is now ready for a coat

of white paint.

When the paint is dry you may rig your cutter. Drill a small hole through the mast



2 and 3 show the block right-side up, and the dotted lines show how the hull is to be trimmed down. This part of the work should be done with care, so that the boat may sail true. The best way is to mark out the shape on the block before commencing to cut. The top of the hull, which is the deck, wants to be slightly rounded. This may be done with a plane if one is at hand, or with a piece of glass by scraping, or

even with coarse sandpaper.

Boys who have the tools and the patience may hollow out the hull, leaving a shell about a half inch thick. This leaves a better boat, and is the proper way, but will not help the looks, nor is it necessary to make the boat sall well. If the hull is hol-lowed out a half-inch board is put over the top, closely screwed or nailed down, and this then is rounded for the top of the deck. A hole two inches wide, one and a half inches long, is made about one-third the way from the stern. This is the hatch-way, and it requires a close-fitting cover to keep out the sea. Next is the leaden keel. Into the wooden

keel, after trimming it down to three-eighths of an inch thickness, drive two or three nails with rather wide heads, leaving a good half inch of the nails sticking out. Now carefully tack thin strips of wood along the sides of the keel, projecting beyond it three-quarters of an inch. Put blocks at the ends of the keel. You now have a little trough or box as long as the keel and three-quarters of an inch deep, into which you are to pour melted lend. Old pewter spoons or a piece of lead pipe, melt-ed in a coal shovel, will do for this. Be sure to have enough to fill the trough. The strips you tacked on may now be removed. The nail heads will hold the lead keel in place, and it may be trimmed down smoothly with a knife or a file.

Before commencing to rig your boat make a rack to stand it in, as shown in fig-

long, tapering from three-quarters of an inch at one end to one-quarter of an inch at the other. The boom is 20 inches long, the gaff 11 inches long, both more slender use tools can make a fine cutter.

keel and saw out the corners, as shown in figure 1.

The block must now be shaped. Figures from the bowsprit to a ring screwed into

Several small brass eyelets, such as may be cut from the top of a shoe, may be used for the pulley blocks. Lash one of these to the mast five inches from the top, and just below it drill a small hole for the jib stay, which reaches to the end of the bowsprit. The foresail is three-cornered, and must reach from the bowsprit to the traveler at foot of the mast and to the pulley lashed at the top end of the jib stay. Six eyelets should be tied along the front edge at equal distances. Pass the jib stay through these and make it fast. From the hole near the mast head carry

two cords on each side of the ship down to the edge of the deck, fastening them to pins or rings two inches apart. These are the shrouds, intended to brace the mast. Six inches from the top of the mast lash another eyelet, and three inches from the top still another. These are for pulleys, through which the gaff is to be hoisted and lowered. Through the lower of these pulleys pass a cord, one end of which is fastened to the gaff at the throat. Through the other pulley run a cord fastened to the gaff at its middle point. These cords must be long enough to reach the cleats on the deck when the gaff is down.

Now place the boom in position, the fork around the mast its light and supported by

around the mast, its light end supported by a cord reaching the mast just above the six-inch pulley. You are now ready to cut the mainsail. Make a paper pattern first. It must reach from goom to gaff, and the front edge touches the mast. From the paper pattern cut the muslin with a margin to hem all around. Lash it to boom and gaff and at regular intervals attach the six rings, which must be slipped on the mast before any of the shrouds or stays are fastened. A rope fastened to the boom just above

the traveler, passing through a ring or pul-ley on the traveler and finally fastened to a cleat, regulates the distance to which



WORD SQUARE.

1. A fruit. 2. Comfort. 3. A country. 4. 70

HIDDEN INSECTS. I am sure you will be ever remembered if you
do this deed.
 Philip ran to help the old lady
out of her carriage.
 Did you say Peter was
perfectly willing to go?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell a good time for my finals to in

dulge in manly sports.

1. A city. 2. To enumerate. 3. Fact. 4. A kind of window. 5. A fascinating young woman.

6. To dispossess. 7. To stimulate. BEHEADINGS.

Behead:

1. To fasten and leave an irritation.

2. Vigorously and leave chief or principal part.

3. A tree and leave a part of a bridge or building.

4. To fall in duty and leave an arched roof of a house.

5. An augury and leave members of the human race.

6. Other members of the human race and leave an augury.

7. To exait and leave tardy.

8. A kind of wood and leave lean.

9. Not wide and leave a weapon. and leave a weapon.

The beheaded letters will spell an old-time fes tival near at hand.



BEEHIVE.

GLET TROUT BEGGARS GLOGRAPHY TANAGER HAPPY

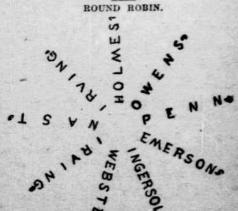
WORD SQUARE.

1. FINE
2. IDEA
8. NEAR
6. EARN

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

JOHNNY'S SLATE.

State is Kentucky and the two cities are La ROUND ROBIN



'twix' em. Hit run on lak dat ontwel one sides of her once cordial hosts, banished time w'en Hhar' wuz gwine roun' tendin' by the arts of a powerful conjurer who ter be a doctah an' meddlin' an' muddlin' performs many wonderful feats and incantations through the agency of twenty-six wid de sick folks. all chics r a Pig! I. I. Novero. nimble little characters, known as the let-"One day a baby git scalted wid hot ters of the alphabet.

wusser'n any ol' wolf on de mountain; done split my years f'um top ter bottom.' "Dey tol' 'im w'at wuz de marter wid de chil', an' he say, sezee, 'Jes' lemme see dat chil'; I'se a doctah, an' I boun' you I kin gin him sump'n dat 'll ease de pain an' mek him stop cryin', fer I tell you p'intedly mek him stop cryin', fer I tell you p'intedly dat I'se a fuss-class doctah, an' ef any un you feelin' kind or doncey he better insult me 'bout hit right now, 'kase I dunno w'en he gwine git de chanct ag'in.' Well, dey ses ter him, 'w'at kin you do

year lissen at me.'
"'All right,' dey ses, an' den dey went
ter w'uk fillin' up de chinks, dobbin' 'em wid
clay, an' w'ile dey 'z doin' dat Hyar' he
sa'nter roun' kind er kyarless an' foun' a

From St. Nicholas. If the ocean did not have salt it would

How Jimmy Saved the Express. Jimmy Bates lived among the mountains

of Colorado, where the heavy, continuous rains in early summer often turn an arroyo-that is, the dry bed of a stream-into a rearing, raging torrent. Often had Jimmy with his Indian pony,

returning from a jaunt up the canyon, been obliged to leap such a stream where they had found only dry ground in the morning. But Jimmy was a brave chap, and so fon 1 of adventure that he would go out of his way to find it.

just pulling out and race with it as long as he could keep up. The wiry little mustang enjoyed it fully as much as Jimmy himself; while the train crew from brakeman to engineer learned to know the slender boy in a sombrero, and to cheer him as long as he held his own with the big, snorting iron horse. The wagon road ran for miles close to the

railroad track, and Jimmy's favorite place while he rode was right abreast the engine. He always tried to keep up as far as a certain telegraph pole, which he knew by a big bunch of cactus growing beside it. If he reached that pole without losing ground he considered he had won the race. One cool day when Billy, the mustang, seemed especially frisky, Jimmy said to him: "Billy, we must make the next pole today." And Billy did. The engineer seemed to see that they had beaten their record, and he waved his cap at them out of the

cab window.

The next two days were rainy, and Jimmy did not ride. The third day, as he and Billy were jaunting about, he heard an un-usual rumbling along the arroyo. He knew that after the hard rains he should find

that after the hard rains he should find water in it, but he was not prepared to find what he did as he robe over there—the deep bed brim full of water, appearing to rise higher every minute.

"I wonder how she's going to behave down at the neck," said Jimmy aloud, as if addressing himself or Billy, or both.

"The neck" was a gorge where the canyon grew very narrow before widening out into more open country. Just below this into more open country. Just below this point the railroad crossed the arroyo, and Jimmy was thinking the bridge might be in

danger. He rode quickly down that way. The wa

He rode quickly down that way. The water in the neck was higher than he had ever known it before. With difficulty and only by the greatest caution did he guide Billy between the edge of the roaring chasm and the rocky cliff.

Now he could see the bridge. The water was already up to the track, and how it did tug at the piers! Could it be possible? Yes, he was sure, the bridge had shifted slightly. The track was out of line. The danger was even greater than if the bridge had been carried away. Such an accident the engineer would be more likely to notice. Jimmy thought quickly. "Billy" he shouted, "it's almost time for the Pacific Express, and the station is three miles away. We must fy!"

If Billy had understood every word he could not have responded more quickly to Jimmy's pull on the bridle. Like a twinkling he was off, splashing through the mud, his homely head held straight out, his mouth open.

It was a wild race. Long before they reached the station Jimmy saw the express pull in. If he could only get there before it started. Billy was doing his utmost; but his speed seemed nothing. Seconds dragged like minutes.

like minutes.
"Ding, dong!" went the bell. Out went

get up on the track!" he shouted, at the same time giving the bridle a sharp pull. "Toot, toot, toot, toot!" sounded the whistle. Jimmy was thankful. The engineer saw him and warned him to clear the Jimmy held his ground and waved his wide sombrero. The engineer recognized him and stopped the train. When Jimmy told his story the grimy old rall-roader climbed out of his cab and just pulled the boy off his pony so that he might take him in his arms.

made up a handsome purse for the brave lad, how the trainmen bought him a new saddle, and how the railroad has offered him a good position soon as he is old enough-all that doesn't matter so much. way to find it.

One thing he loved was to ride down to the station when the Pacific Express was Express.

The great thing Jimmy remembers with most pride is how he saved the Pacific Express.

The rest of the tale-how the passengers

A Winner. From Harper's Weekly.

Three little girls in Harlem were one day discoursing about the baby brothers that had taken up their residence with their respective families during the year. Said the first little girl, "My brother Tom's got the beautifulest silver cup that his godfather gave him." "Oh," exclaimed the second little girl,

"that's nothing. My brother Willie's got the most expensive go-cart that ever was." "Well," said the third little girl, "my brother Eddle ain't half so big, maybe, as your brothers. But," she added, with ill-concealed triumph, "the doctor says he's had more fits than any other baby in the neighborhood!

An Eskimo Dainty. The greatest treat known to the Eskimo

boy or girl is a lump of sugar. Perhaps you think there is nothing very strange in that. The strange part is the very funny way they have of eating the sugar. They roll the sweet morsel in a piece of tobacco leaf. This they place in their cheek, and smacking their lips delightedly, hold it there until it is dissolved. This dainty is called "laloop," and is the choicest morsel known to the little Eskimo stomach,

Shine Inside. When Reuben Haymow Punkinseed First came to town, why, then, indeed, He saw some very interesting sights. By day the cabs and auto trucks, More noisy than his geese and ducks; By night the dazzle of a million lights.

But one thing more than all the rest
Made Reuben stare like one possessed;
He rubbed his eyes, his mouth was open wide;
He stroked the whiskers on his chin;
Says he, "Let me read that ag'in;
"Ten cents pays for a first-class shine inside.'" Rube winked his eye, he scratched his head, Winked once again and slowly said:
"My cowhide boots is gray, but, tan my skin, If I did pay to git 'em shined I think that I would be inclined To have it on the outside, 'stead of in!"

The Halloween Cake. In the Halloween cake there is hidden away A ring, pen and button and thimbie, they say; And also a penny. Now, isn't it fun? And which do you want in your slice, little one?

The ring is a sign you'll be married, my dear. Big sister is blushing; she wants it, that's clear. The pen will bring fame—why, you nod, Isabelf is that why you scribble for hours, pray tell?

If you draw the thimble an old maid you'll ha.
You none of you want to be that? Deary me!
When your old maiden aunt is the one who inquires,
Do you think that's polite? There, you little
white flare,

The four words, "I hope I win." 1. Sir Henry
Irving. 2. Oliver Wentell Helmes. 3. John E.
Owens. 4. William Penn. 5. Ralph Waido Emer-

fortune will dog his footsteps until the next Halloween comes around. SNAP DRAGON.-Instead of putting raisins in burning alcohol, use bits of tin foil in which are wrapped slips of paper, each containing a prophecy. Place these in a tin or earthen dish and cover with water. The alcohol is poured down the side of ter instead of mixing with it.

Preparations for Halloween.

Some Newer Tests.

A WEAL OR WOE TEST .- Suspend &

horseshoe in the doorway at a convenient

height. Give an apple to each fortune-

seeker and bid him try to throw the apple

through the horseshoe. If he succeeds,

happiness is to be his. If he does not, ill-

the dish gently, so it will float on the wa-MAGIC CANDLES.-Twelve tiny candles of different colors are placed in low candlesticks in a row on the floor one and one-half feet apart. Each candle is named for a month-January, white; February, brown; a month—January, white; February, brown; March, light green; April, bright green; May, violet; June, pink; July, light pink; August, yellow; September, blue; October, crimson; November, orange; December, scariet. Each child jumps over the candles in turn, one at a time. If this is accomplished without extinguishing any, married life will be full of happiness. If one flickers out, ill-luck will come to her in the month the candle represents.

month the candle represents,

JACK O'LANTERNS.-When you are making your Jack o'lanterns for Halloween stretch over the openings a grim mask of colored paper, with eyes, nose and mouth cut as you would in a pumpkin, and glue it fast. Different colored papers are very effective in a dark room. effective in a dark room. A fine ghost may be made by wrapping a

Japanese skeleton (such as is sold for a few cents at a Japanese store) with some white chiffon. This makes an ideal ghost.

A witch is simply made by dressing a small doll in a peaked cap, black skirt, red coat and wired astride a small bundle of fagots. For favors a Jack-o-lantern surprise is

the best thing you can have. Hollow out the pumpkin in the usual way, carefully removing the top. This will be needed for Jack's hat. Cut the triangular eyes, nose and mouth and place the favors inside. The these with raffia instead of ribbons. These strands coming through the pumpkin sug-gest hair. The favors should suggest the fortune of the boy or girl receiving them.

A ship for a sailor, a ring for the first married, a magnet for an electrician, a hammer for a carpenter, a mouth-organ for a musician, a thimble for a dressmaker,

and so on.
USE OF NUTS FOR FORETELLING
FUTURE.—An old Roman writer (Horace)
tells us that the Roman boys used them in sports, and in marriage ceremonies the bridegroom threw nuts about the room for the boys to scramble for. Nuts are so generally used in England and Scotland that Halloween is called "Nut-crack night." A Scotch custom to foretell the future is to pull cabbage blindfolded. A young woman gropes her way to the cabbage patch, pulling the first one she stumbles against. The amount of earth clinging to it shows the size of how down.

the size of her dowry. The shape and size of it shows the appearance and height of her future husband. The flavor of the heart shows his disposition. At the close of a Scotch Halloween frollo each lassie takes home a stalk and lays it behind the outer door. The first to enter the next morning is her future mate. NAME TEST.—Cut the letters of the alphabet from the newspaper. Sprinkle them on the surface of water. The floating

returns companion.

RAISIN TEST.—String a raisin in the middle of a thread a yard long. Have two persons take hold of each end of thread. Whoever by chewing the string reaches the raisin freat baseling the string reaches. the raisin first, has the raisin, and if she lives will be the first married.

letters combine to form the name of the

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in season, but never in fall;
My second's in tennis, but never in ball;
My third is in Anna, but never in Belle;
My fourth is in stutter, but never in spell;
My fifth is in ready, but never in late;
My seventh's in happy, but never in hate;
My seventh's in happy, but never in plad;
My eighth is in evil, but never in bad;
My ninth is in bonnet, but never in bee;
My whole is a curious child of the sea.

RIDDLE.

RIDDLE.

I might be a horse,
Or I might be a tree,
Or I might if I tried
Be the arm of a sea;
Or I might be a window—
Now, how could that be?
I might be a sound
That would scare you at night;
But that same noisy thing
That would give you a fright
You would try to keep at me
If only a might.
I'm one little word,
And my letters are three;
If you're only bright
You will surely guess me.

